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THE CENTENNIAL OF ILLINOIS STATEHOOD

COMMEMORATED BY THE
CHICAGO HISTORICAL
SOCIETY, ORCHESTRA
HALL, APRIL NINETEENTH
MDCCCCXVIII

HISTORIA REDIVIVA CHICAGO SALUTATRIX

ADDRESS: ILLINOIS IN HISTORY

BY THE RIGHT REVEREND CHARLES P. ANDERSON, D. D.

CHICAGO
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(96)

Presentation of the Chairman of the Meeting, Mr. Clarence A. Burley, President of the Chicago Historical Society, by Mr. Charles B. Pike, Chairman of the Centennial Committee of the Chicago Historical Society

Mr. Pike: Members of the Chicago Historical Society, War Governor Lowden, and Distinguished Guests: On behalf of the Centennial Committee of the Society, I desire to thank all of those who have assisted the Committee in the arrangements for this celebration.

The Chicago Historical Society, during the sixty-two years of its existence, has held many meetings, but it has never held one at such a momentous time in the world's history. Recognizing this fact, and in order to visualize and bring vividly to mind the wondrous story of our State during the past one hundred years, the Society for the first time has permitted the removal of some of the precious memorials of the early days from the building of the Society to this hall, so that you are in the very presence of the objects which were loved and handled by the pioneers and by the brave soldiers of this State; and you are to sing, and you are to listen to, the old music which gladdened their hearts.

I now have the honor of introducing to you a man whose father was one of the early settlers in this City, having come to Chicago in 1837, and he, inheriting the past traditions of this City and of this State, will speak to you concerning the great events of the history of this City.

Ladies and gentlemen—Clarence A. Burley, the President of the Chicago Historical Society.

Address of Welcome

MR. BURLEY: Guests, Friends, Fellow Members of the Society: In behalf of the Chicago Historical Society, I welcome you all.

I cannot permit myself to be mentioned as a son of one of the earliest citizens of Chicago, without calling to your attention that there are others more worthy of that appellation. There are many here, and we have tried to have represented here the old families.

There are descendants of the Ryerson family, the Ogden family, the Goodrich family, the Mason family. I see a descendant of the Stephen F. Gale, who came here in 1831. I cannot name them all or I should take up too much time. I must not be classed with the really old families—my father did not come here until 1837.

We have here, also, or we were to have had, the daughter of Shadrach Bond, the first Governor of Illinois, in 1818—and that is some time back. We have also with us Mrs. Tyler, the daughter of Mr. William H. Brown, who was the first president of the Chicago Historical Society.

One hundred years ago, in 1818, Illinois was admitted as a state. It was not done all at once. There was first an Enabling Act. That was on the 18th day of April; and they have been celebrating that yesterday, and the day before, at Springfield.

Then there were other Acts; and finally the State was admitted in December of the year 1818.

The Centennial Commission, appointed by the Governor, thought it fitting, and it does seem proper, to have various ceremonies throughout the State, celebrations of this great event at different times through this year.

The Historical Society has thought it fitting, and it seems eminently proper, that it should celebrate this event, great in our history. The Chicago Historical Society is the repository of the records of courageous acts and brave deeds done here and hereabouts, in the Illinois country and elsewhere. It is not only a repository of the records. We have gathered together a number of objects to vivify its history, to make clear to the people what our forefathers, the early settlers, did, how they lived, what they suffered, what inconveniences there were, and how they overcame them. For this purpose we have collected these things, and we are still collecting various objects, and they are in our museum. Many of them are on view here tonight. This museum, and our library, are at all times open to the public.

Much has been said lately and written about the necessity of educating our citizens in their duties as citizens,—in patriotism. The Chicago Historical Society has done something in that way. For some years it has been giving illustrated lectures to the school children of Chicago, lectures upon the history of this State, and the Northwest, giving them an idea that there are things here that are worthy of emulation,—teaching these foreigners, many of whom know nothing but their own national traditions, that there is history in this country, that there were men whose deeds are worthy of emulation, and that there were men who have done things to bring about the liberty which they enjoy.

There is much in the history of the past of this State that incites to patriotism. It is full of deeds of heroism, of self sacrifice, and of devotion to the cause of freedom.

The written history goes farther back than most people think, and farther back, beyond that, are various tales and stories; but the authentic written history begins in 1673, with Père Marquette, who was here with

his comrade Joliet. He spent the winter here, on our Chicago River, in 1674, and he called the river the "Chicagou." That name has been said to be variously derived. It has been thought to have come from the name of the wild onion, which grew here in profusion, on the banks of our river. But there is another derivation.

Marquette came here, with some Pottawatomie Indians, and that tribe had an expression or term, "Chicagou," which meant various things. Among other things, it meant "no use," or "no use to go farther." For instance, in 1832 or 1833, two boys started out with baskets to gather wild plums. One of those boys was afterwards Judge of the United States District Court here, the Honorable Henry W. Blodgett. They met an Indian. He asked them where they were going. They told him. He said, "Chicagou,"—no use to go any farther. And it was not,—the plums were all picked.

This was the last portage on this side of the lake, to get to the Mississippi River. It was "Chicagou,"—no use to go any further. That may be the derivation of the name of our City.

Our written history, then, begins with Marquette. It begins only sixty years after the first settlement in Virginia and fifty years after the founding of Plymouth Colony, and of New Amsterdam,—and earlier than Pennsylvania. So you see that even here we date pretty well back.

After Marquette came the great Frenchmen, La Salle and Tonty, and many other pioneers and settlers, so that by 1700 there was a settlement, a large settlement or town, at Cahokia, and also at Kaskaskia. There were numerous French settlers and explorers, though not about here; they were all farther south and west.

When Quebec was captured by Wolfe, in 1759, the settlers in this part of the world passed under the British rule. The French settlers were quiet under it; but then began, before our revolution, right here in Illinois, a struggle for liberty. The French settlers applied to the British Crown for a charter, a liberal charter, such as the State of Connecticut had, which, as you remember, the King tried to annul, and which was hidden away in an old oak tree, to be produced in better times. Such a charter was denied them. They refused the one that they were tendered, and they continued to strive for a free charter, until the time of the Revolution.

We have chosen, for this celebration, a day that is noteworthy. On April 19, 1775, occurred the Battle of Lexington, when was fired the first shot in our Revolution, in our struggle for independence,—that shot which has echoed around the world ever since.

Illinois had its share in that Revolution. In 1778 George Rogers Clark, a stalwart young Virginia frontiersman, and a man of wide views and great interests, organized an expedition, to take the Northwest from the British. He acted under the authority of Patrick Henry, Governor of Virginia. With a party of about 130 men, hardy frontiersmen like himself, he marched across the intervening country, by rapid, difficult, hazardous marches, surprised these settlements, and captured them. There was little bloodshed. He just took the settlements, and the people welcomed him; the French settlers not only welcomed him, but they helped him, with men, money and supplies, without which he could not have maintained his expedition.

George Rogers Clark, and those men who helped him, and those men who came with him, kept this part

of the world for the United States of America. They had the reward of their virtue,—and that is about all. Clark died in poverty. His name is not very well known. Some of our citizens remember that there is a street called Clark street, but why they do not know. It was named after George Rogers Clark.

Who knows anything of François Vigo? I suppose hardly anyone. Yet he gave his fortune, and it was a large one for those times, to help Clark. He ruined himself, and died in poverty, and is forgotten.

Who has ever heard of the French priest, Pierre Gibault, whose eloquence, enthusiasm, and great personal ability helped Clark to maintain this great Northwest? And he died in poverty. All honor to these men who gave their lives, virtually, and all their fortunes, for the cause of liberty!

Illinois, though not then a state, thus had her part in the great Revolution—and that was a struggle against king power. We are undergoing something of the same kind now. We were not fighting the English people. The best minds in England, Burke, Fox, and others, were with us; but we were fighting against kings, then. (Applause.)

Our success lighted a torch which has not since gone out,—the torch of liberty, which has so enlightened the world that Liberty is extending, and has extended. France has become free. England is no longer king controlled, but her Parliament controls the King. Not since our Revolution has England lost a colony by reason of any oppressive legislation. Today Canada, Australia, New Zealand, South Africa, with governments as free as ours, are showing that free men, under free government, are willing to lay down their lives that others may be free. (Applause.)

Since those early days, Illinois has never failed in

her duty, in every struggle for freedom. We have here, as relics, several flags which went through the Civil War, from Illinois. One of them went through with Sherman, in his March to the Sea. This large flag was a flag under which were recruited many of the troops. There is another flag, that old white one, in the center of the group, that was carried all through the war, and Captain Lewis, who carried it, is here tonight. (Applause.)

In that war for the freedom of the slaves, Illinois did her full duty. She did more than her duty.

It is worth noting here that the event we are celebrating came when there were ten southern states and ten northern states. Illinois was the twenty-first state, and Illinois threw the power of the states to the North, and against slavery. It is well depicted in our Centennial Banner which you can see up yonder, though perhaps the people in the gallery cannot,—showing our star in between the others, and that is due to the poetic insight of the designer, Mr. Wallace Rice.

In that great struggle, Illinois contributed, in men, over twenty per cent of the population she had at the outbreak of the war. That is more, by six per cent, than her sister state, Indiana, and is more by eight per cent than any of the states, even Massachusetts.

Illinois not only contributed these men, but she contributed Grant, the great leader, and the immortal Lincoln. (Applause.) Illinois contributed her full measure of men in the war to free Cuba, and contributed to the navy more than any other state. Thirteen hundred men went from Illinois into the navy; they went into the battle ships and the cruisers and the torpedo boats, and elsewhere, and thirteen hundred men came back; there was not one of them sick, and not one of them hurt. (Applause.)

The Chicago Historical Society is preserving the records of the present conflict. So far as it can get at the facts, it is keeping a record of all those who go from here into the war. Many of you can help, by sending to the Society the names of those in your families who have gone in, and whom you wish to be known. The Society is keeping these records, not only for posterity, but for now,—that we may be able to show that Illinois lives up to its great past.

We are now in a great struggle for freedom. The greatest war in the world's history. We are fighting shoulder to shoulder with England and France, and we are fighting for liberty. Again we of Illinois are called upon to do our utmost. Many thousands of our young men have gone, to give their lives to this cause. We at home must do our part. The Government must have money, more money, and more money. We can all buy bonds, to some extent, at least. Let us do our utmost, to be worthy of the great past of Illinois.

Let us remember that in the war for our freedom and independence our forefathers dedicated their lives, their fortunes, and their sacred honor. Let us dedicate ourselves, and let us so act now, as in the past, that in the forefront of all that helps toward freedom, toward a government of the people, by the people, and for the people, stands Illinois. (Applause.)

Let us all rise and sing "Illinois."

THE CHAIRMAN: I am now going to introduce to you a speaker who will tell us a little something of what we at home can do. I will ask Mr. Hamill to say a few words to us.

Address By Mr. Charles H. Hamill

On the plains of Flanders and the fields of Picardy is raging the bloodiest and perhaps the most fateful battle of all history. Valiant sons of France and brave men of England are pouring out their blood and giving up their lives in the Cause of Freedom, the while we are celebrating the Centennary of our State's birth. While we rejoice in the history of a hundred years of almost unbroken peace, blessed by the bounty of nature and made glorious by the institutions of Liberty, others are enduring the agony of battle and giving their lives that we may continue in our traditional prosperity and safety. Until now our part in the horrible struggle has been almost negligible, but at any moment we may hear the cry "Extra!" and, with quickened pulse and anxious eye, read that thousands and tens of thousands of our own boys are in the fray.

A few days ago, I saw a letter from a young American soldier to his mother, which tells something of the spirit with which those soldiers of ours will fight when their time comes. In it he said:

> "I have had an awakening since I came over here. If I were offered the best position in the United States, at a salary of $20,000 a year, and were free to leave, I would not come. I hate fighting and I hate war, more than ever since I have seen here what they are, but this is the eternal fight between Right and Wrong and I will not leave until it is settled right, and then I shall be glad to come back home."

One reading the letter, however persuaded one may be that war in itself is stupid, cruel and brutal and without redeeming feature, must yet recognize that, like every other great evil, it inspires countervailing virtues. By it the young men of our country have been so filled with a holy passion for righteousness that willingly, yea, gladly they lay down their lives in its cause; by it the young wife has been stirred to hold a stout heart as she says good-bye to her soldier husband, and by it the mother has been emboldened to wear a brave

smile as she bids "God Speed" to her boy. But these virtues, though they command our admiration and wonder, are not adequate compensation for the horrors of war. Unless old men and children, as well as young men, unless in addition to wives and mothers, childless and husbandless women, who are not called upon to make the sacrifice of life or the even dearer sacrifice of those whom they cherish more than life—unless these, too, are stirred to their depths and impelled to do their all for their country and the Cause of Civilization, the King of Evil has the better of the argument. May that shame never fall upon us!

Our country now calls upon us to do our share. It asks us to buy bonds. They are good investments, but it makes no difference whether they are or not. (Applause.) Through them or through taxation, one or the other, our country must and will raise the necessary funds to equip and maintain the necessary army, once and for all to put an end to the age-long threat of irresponsible force. We are summoned, not alone by the commanding shout of authority, but by the even more compelling whisper of conscience. Let us prove then that we, too, can feel a noble passion and express it in something more than words. As we rejoice, then, on this evening of celebration, may it be the rejoicing of a spirit at one with itself because it has resolved that, so far as in it lies, peace shall not perish from the earth, though war to the death be the only means to that happy end. (Applause.)

MR. HERBERT GOULD: Let us all stand, and sing "The Star-Spangled Banner." You cannot help but sing it now. (Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: I now take great pleasure in introducing to you the Right Reverend Charles P. Anderson, who will address us upon "Illinois in History." (Applause.)

ADDRESS:

Illinois In History

BY THE RIGHT REV. CHARLES P. ANDERSON, D.D.

President Burley, Your Excellency, Ladies and Gentlemen: The theme of the evening encompasses a definite place and purpose and period of time. The place is Illinois. The purpose is to point out some of the contributions which Illinois has made to the permanent record of human events. The time is from 1818, when Illinois became a State of the Union.

This latter act was accomplished through two rather heroic processes—first, by the special Enabling Act of Congress, skilfully engineered by Nathaniel Pope, under which a population of forty thousand was authorized to organize as a state; and, second, by a very generous census, which liberally estimated that there must have been forty thousand people in the State at that time. (Laughter.)

Those very precise historians who attached more importance to dull facts than to brilliant ambitions, maintain that there were only 34,620 people in the State at that time; but that owing to the migratory character of the immigrants who were seeking new homes, a considerable number was counted immediately upon arrival in Illinois; also, inadvertently, en route to their future place of residence; and also, quite inadvertently, on arrival at their destination. At any rate, Illinois became a state in 1818, with the smallest population of any state in the Union.

Although the theme confines one within well defined limits, those limits are certainly not so narrow as to thwart any reasonable ambition on the part of the speaker, nor to cramp him on account of insufficient material. Indeed, the time is so long and the space is

so big and the material is so bountiful, that the very best one can hope to do, is to rise to a very great height, in an imaginary aeroplane, and take a mental photograph, in which, unhappily, only very conspicuous objects will appear.

Let me begin by asking two very pertinent questions. What makes a state? What makes history? Mere acreage of land and mere aggregations of people do not make a state, although they are necessary to it. History is not the same as geography or ethnology, although these are contributory factors.

Take this section of the earth which we call Illinois—this great domain situated in the heart of the Mississippi Valley, three hundred and eighty-five miles long and two hundred and eighteen miles wide, lying at the foot of Lake Michigan. Give it an altitude of four hundred to twelve hundred feet above the level of the sea. Let it consist of undulating stretches of land and rich rolling prairie. Intersect it with running streams and navigable rivers, winding their ways through green fields and wooded hills to the great "Father of Waters." Endow its soil with the fertile capacity of producing food for millions.

Store its sub-soil with great quantities of coal and an abundance of other mineral wealth. Beautify its landscape with rugged bluffs along the Mississippi River, with rare bits of picturesqueness on the Rock River, with precipitous rocks on the Illinois, and deep ravines on the Vermilion. Take all these natural endowments, and they do not create a state, nor do they write a line of history. All these original riches were here, in their primitive innocence, unknown and undiscovered, centuries ago, when old civilizations were already beginning to die of stale customs and of ancient sins. Clearly then, territory alone can only furnish the

background of the picture; and be it ever so bounteous, has no human story to tell.

Come down, therefore, several centuries nearer to history. People this territory with Indians—with Algonquins, and their numerous derivative family groups,—with Shawnees and Winnebagos and Miamis and Pottawatomies and Kaskaskias and Illini. Let them roam over the prairies and paddle their canoes noiselessly around the bends of the rivers and in the inlets of the lakes. Let them kill the wild game with their bows and arrows. Let them build their wigwams and their tepee cities. Let them circle around their tents in the weird worship of the Great Spirit, or in the weirder war dances.

Let them fight their tribal battles. Let the story of the Indian occupation of Illinois be fully told, and, while it contains much of thrilling human interest, we have not yet arrived at the idea of a state. No historical monuments are being erected. No permanent records are being written.

One dislikes to dismiss the story of the long occupation of this part of the world by the Indian tribes in this summary fashion, but it must be done. The Red Man has left to us certain inheritances. He has enriched our mental possessions with a certain retrospective romance, with a distant enchantment, with a reminiscent pathos, with tender recollections of savage joys and wild tragedies, with memories of bitter wrongs done and suffered, memories of massacres of the innocent and the guilty.

The Red Man has left us some imperishable names, —a Black Partridge, a Black Hawk. It was of Black Hawk that Victor Hugo said, with what seems like poetic hyperbole, that he was as much greater than Alexander, and Scipio, and Napoleon and such bar-

barians, as the moon in its zenith is above the earth.

The Red Man has left us an inheritance of a soft and mellow nomenclature, by which we designate many of our rivers and cities, a nomenclature that is full of the poetry of close contact with Mother Nature. Truth, however, compels one to say that his super-abundant use of the sound of the letter "K" has threatened subsequent generations with cleft palates in the bequest that he has left us of Kankakees, Kickapoos, Kahokias and Kaskaskias in our own State, and Kokimos, Keokuks, Kalamazoos and Oshkoshes near by.

Yes, let the story of the Indian be told, with all that is in it of human interest, and we have not yet arrived at the idea of a state, nor at those social conditions which produce an indelible history.

Come down a step further. People this same territory with white men. Cut it up into rectangles. Call each rectangle a county. Put several thousand white men into each county. Assemble them into compact groups called cities. Dig sewers, build roads, erect houses, shops, factories, banks, theaters and churches. And, ladies and gentlemen, though you are accumulating the material out of which civilization is made, though the state is beginning to take on embryonic form and shape, nevertheless all you have done so far is to substitute white men for red men. All that you have so far is an aggregation of people, a great mass of individuals, heterogeneous and detached, without that homogeneity and corporisty which are the soul and the body of the state.

What then makes a state? Ladies and gentlemen, it is the state consciousness that makes the state, the state consciousness finding organic expression. It is the social consciousness, the corporate consciousness, the consciousness of a common need, a common life

and a common purpose. As soon as that arrives, the state is born. It does not matter much about the date.

History, after all, has very little to do with dates. History has to do with sequences, with human relationships, with cause and effect, with actions and consequences. It is an inconsequential thing that the Magna Charta was written in 1215. The thing of consequence was that it was written at all. It represented the birth of the corporate consciousness of liberty—a consciousness which found social and political expression. (Applause.) That birth was centuries in being accomplished. A world groaned and travailed in pain for ages before that child was brought to the birth. But, once born it never dies. (Applause.)

It is an inconsequential thing that the Declaration of Independence was made at a certain date. The thing that is of consequence is that in the fullness of time, when the right place and purpose came together, the incalculable and irresistible power of democracy which had been slowly struggling under the surface for centuries, burst through the crust, and found outward and organic expression in a new world, a new national type and a new life.

So it is with the State of Illinois. Say, if you will, that it was born back in 1787, when it was an unimportant part of the great Northwest Territory. Say, if you will, that it was born in 1809, when it was set apart as a separate territory. Say that it was born in 1818, when it became an organized state. It became a state, in reality, no sooner and no later than the arrival of the corporate political conscience. That is what makes a state.

When men become as conscious of the fact that they are citizens, as they are conscious of being individuals; when they are as conscious of the state as they are

of themselves, when they recognize the common good and the common need; when human wills and intelligences and resources are regarded as public forces for the accomplishment of the public good in which each one shares; when the community spirit and civic ideals and genuine patriotism arrive; when to the individual consciousness and the family consciousness there is added the state consciousness,—that instinct which is willingness to struggle for the common weal, suffer in the common woe and rejoice in the common prosperty, —then you have a state; then history is being written. (Applause.)

Illinois inherited greatness. It added to its inheritance and acquired new greatness. It was back in 1787 that the foundations of her greatness were laid. The Ordinance of 1787, for the government of the territory of which Illinois was a part, contained those great principles around which democracy revolves. They were religious liberty, freedom of the conscience, the right of trial by one's peers, the protection of private property, the inculcation of education, and morality and the inhibition of slavery.

On this Centennial, it is well worth our while to go back to the rock from whence we are hewn and read some of those principles around which the history of Illinois has been growing for a hundred years.

"No person demeaning himself in a peaceable and orderly manner shall ever be molested on account of his mode of worship or his religious sentiments." So read the Ordinance of 1787.

"All men have a natural and indefeasible right to worship Almighty God according to the dictates of their own consciences." So read the Constitution of Illinois, as it was adopted, in 1818.

Those enactments may sound commonplace to you,

and to me; but, ladies and gentlemen, when one recalls the story of New England and Old England, and France and Spain, and Germany and other countries; when one's mind goes back to "Blue Laws," and religious prohibitions in America, and to Test Acts and Inquisitions and persecutions, in Europe— one then gets a fresh realization of the progress that was registered in that somewhat crude Kaskaskia assembly, when religious liberty was enacted and proclaimed in the name of the people of Illinois. (Applause.)

Again, "Religion, morality and knowledge being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall forever be encouraged." So read the Ordinance of 1787. And in 1825, after a considerable contest, a public school system was established in the State of Illinois. The younger men and women who are here tonight perhaps take an educational system as a matter of course; but, if you will recall the fact that in this Twentieth Century, in several of the so-called civilized nations of the world, the majority of the people can neither read nor write; if you will recall the many evils and injustices and social wrongs that follow in the train of ignorance and illiteracy,—you will appreciate the magnitude of the contributions which Illinois made to human progress, where, in 1825, it inaugurated a public school system. (Applause.)

Again, "There shall be neither slavery nor involuntary servitude in said territory." So read the Ordinance of 1787. "Neither slavery nor involuntary servitude shall hereafter be introduced into this State," read the Illinois Constitution of 1818.

That clause in the Constitution did not grow up there. It was not brought about by spontaneous generation. It was not readily accomplished nor easily

sustained. For six years the State was in turmoil and agitation while strenuous efforts were made to repeal this law. Controversies were long and bitter. Human passions broke loose. But at length the determination to legalize slavery in Illinois was defeated and the battle for human freedom was won for all time.

Once more, the young men and women who are here tonight take existing conditions of freedom as a matter of course. But let your minds go back into an older world. Let your minds go back to Egypt, where men sweated and toiled in bonds and fetters; to ancient Greece and Rome, when moralists and philosophers calmly catalogued men with oxen; to Prussia in the Fourteenth Century, where men were given the choice of slavery, or conformity to the powers that be; to England, whose outlying possessions were so recently redeemed from slavery at such a great cost. Let your minds go back but a short time in American history, when white men shed their blood to make black men free. Let your minds, I say, sweep the horizon of the struggles of the human family onward and upward through the centuries towards freedom and brotherhood; and that one sentence in the Kaskasia State Constitution will shine as an inextinguishable light illuminating the path of progress:

"Neither slavery or involuntary servitude shall hereafter be introduced into the State." (Applause.)

You will not, of course, get the impression that Illinois was the only state in the Union that had these lofty passions or these spiritual experiences. She was one of many states, one of a brotherhood. Elsewhere the same battles were being fought. Elsewhere they were being won. But the point to be noted is that they were fought and they were won here in Illinois.

"Not without thy wondrous story can be writ the Nation's glory, Illinois."

But, ladies and gentlemen, great principles are merely academic things, unless they are embodied in living persons. It was Carlyle who said that the history of the world is simply the story of what good men and women do in the world. The greatest facts in the world are great personalities. Illinois has not been wanting in personalities and in leaders and teachers of men. On the occasion of this Centennial, it seems to me, ladies and gentlemen, that there are two professions, in particular, to whom we should pay our tribute of affection, to whom our debt of gratitude should be acknowledged, two professions which have rendered a maximum service for a minimum reward. They are the preachers and the teachers. (Applause.)

In the category of preachers we include all those representatives and spokesmen of religion, by whatsoever ecclesiastical or denominational titles they may have been designated. Amongst teachers we include all those representatives and practitioners of education, from the obscurest school mistress to the most renowned college president. These, more than others have been the pioneers in morality and culture, in high-mindedness and idealism,—without which no people can be truly great.

Consider for a moment the conditions under which they operated, and the environment in which they lived. There were no great cities in Illinois, in those days. The population was scattered or gathered in rural groups. The people lived in log houses, mostly without windows. The furniture was very scant. The family sat around rude wooden tables, on wooden benches. Their eating implements were made of wood or iron and pewter. Their food was the never failing

pork and johnny-cake, with occasional supplies of venison and wild game. Their social life revolved largely around the wedding and the funeral. Those events were surrounded then, as they are now, to a great extent, with pagan customs and habits. (Laughter.) Apart from the wedding and the funeral, there were three great social institutions. They were the harvest bee, the husking bee, and the horse races.

A harvest bee without whiskey was like a dance without a fiddle. They drank it out of a bottle, which was passed from mouth to mouth. Any other method of drinking it would have been regarded as betokening the dilettanteism of the tenderfoot.

The husking bee took the form of a contest as to which man could husk first his allotment of corn. The man that was so lucky as to come across a red ear had the privilege of kissing all the girls. Let us hope for the girls' sake that there were not too many red ears.

After the husking was over, came the bountiful supper. And then "they danced all night, till broad daylight, and went home with the girls in the morning." It was an enviable occupation, but it was a bad preparation for the work of the next day. The dull reaction came on early in the morning. There was the usual resort to artificial stimulant, and fresh corks were pulled for fresh exhilaration. To make things worse, the fever and ague were very prevalent. They were not more prevalent however than the remedy; and the same remedy which would cool the fever down would warm the ague up.

The horse race was the great social event. Now, horse racing is capable of being a gentleman's sport, in which thoroughbred men and thoroughbred horses can participate, without harm. I say it is *possible.* (Laughter.) But in Illinois the by-products were

vicious. Gambling was popular, and the stakes were large. Whiskey flowed like water. Fist fights and "rough and tumble fights" were the order of the day.

Schools and churches had not yet arrived, although these people had inherited some educational advantages and had retained a faint memory of Puritanism in the dim background of their consciences. "Book larning" was considered impracticable and unprofitable; and, as for the workings of Almighty God, it was the climax of awkwardness and unnaturalness.

It was into that atmosphere that the preacher and the teacher came; and from the moment they came, morals, manners, ideals began to rise.

No one can tell truly the story of Illinois, without putting church and school in the very foreground of the narrative. The gentle and courageous Marquette, the eloquent and ardent Father Allouez; the indefatigable and courageous Peter Cartwright, amongst the Methodists; the Baptist John Mason Peck, who more than any other one man prevented slavery from getting official recognition on the statute books of Illinois; (Applause); the indomitable Philander Chase, who settled in Central Illinois, after having built a college down in Ohio, where the students still sing of him:

"He climbed the hill, and said a prayer
And founded Kenyon College there.
He built the College, built the dam;
He milked the cows, he smoked the ham;
He taught the classes, rang the bell,
And spanked the naughty freshmen well."

These men, ladies and gentlemen, these men and others like them, in all the churches; these Apostolic missionaries, these itinerant preachers, these gospel circuit writers, these men of plain living and high thinking, these are the men that laid the foundation

of all that is best in the civilization of Illinois. They exalted God in a materialistic age. They held aloft the banner of the world's Redeemer, in log houses and in camp meetings. They taught the Ten Commandments, and the moral law to a people who in a new land were resisting and resenting the restraint of religion and morality. They preached temperance, righteousness and the judgments of God. They gave men a new grip on the dignity of life, and the glory of man's destiny. They led men to the Highest through the Highest by the Highest, as they taught people how to be good citizens of this world and at the same time citizens of another world, whose builder and whose maker is God.

Ladies and gentlemen, will you permit me, as a representative of religion, on this occasion, to pay my tribute of praise and gratitude to those pioneers of religion and morality, at whose feet I am unworthy to sit. (Applause.)

And what should be said about the school teachers? Bear in mind we are thinking about the makers of history in Illinois. What should be said about the school teachers in this connection? There is no so-called secular profession which has exerted such a far reaching influence in the direction of high mindedness, good morals, good manners, good taste, and good citizenship, as the profession of the school teacher.

Let us pay our tribute of praise and gratitude to that long line of skilful and conscientious teachers who have guided and informed and inspired the minds of the boys and girls of Illinois. Hats off to John Seeley, the first school master of Illinois, as in our minds' eye we picture him sitting on a wooden bench, in his log school house, with its slab floor, with a little group of children in their homespun, sitting before him on wooden

benches and learning the three R's and taking as his compensation a few deer skins, some fence rails, and some beeswax. Hats off to Stephen Forbes, the first school teacher in Chicago, as he taught in a little log school house not very far from the corner of Michigan avenue and Randolph street. Hats off to Eliza Chappell, who had a school of twenty boys and girls over on South Water Street. To these, and all their clan, we offer, at the end of a hundred years, our gratitude and our praise, (applause) from Stephen Forbes and Eliza Chappell, all the way down to William Rainey Harper and Ella Flagg Young. (Applause.)

To select two professions for honorable mention is not to minimize the contributions that have been made to the tone and character of Illinois by representatives of other professions,—by lawyers, who have brought fame and distinction within our borders, such as, to mention only one, our Melville Fuller, whom we gave as Chief Justice to the Supreme Court of the United States (applause); by doctors, who have not only adorned their profession, but enriched human life, such as (to mention but one) Dr. Henry B. Favill, who was recently taken from us; by railroad builders, who furnished arteries to the body politic, such as Timothy Blackstone (applause); by our song writers who inspired more generations than one, such as George Root, the author of the *Battle Cry of Freedom,* and Henry Clay Work, the author of *Marching Through Georgia;* by business men, who enriched our cultural life by their generosity to the arts; such men for example as Bryan Lathrop.

Time does not permit one to record the names and the deeds that decorate the pages of a hundred years of history. They are not forgotten. In the words of the

Son of Sirach we say—"Let us praise famous men, and our fathers that begat us."

One ought not to content oneself by mentioning simply individuals professions or vocations. The people of Illinois, in their corporate capacity, have made their own permanent contribution, to a higher civilization. All up and down this State there are the benevolences, the charities, and the philanthropies—the homes, the hospitals, and the shelters, which stand as an outward and visible sign of their devotion to humanity and to justice.

Illinois gave more than its quota of men to the Mexican War, and did it voluntarily. Illinois offered more than its quota for the Spanish War. Illinois gave more men to the War of the Union, relative to its population, than any state in the Union except Kansas. (Applause.) Illinoisans were always to be found where the fighting was fiercest. They were in the front ranks in the heavy attacks and they were the last to retire or surrender. (Applause.) Illinois gave to history a General John A. Logan, and other great generals. (Applause.) Illinois gave to America a great-General and a great President, all in one,—Ulysses S. Grant. (Applause.) Illinois produced that brilliant orator—Stephen A. Douglas. Illinois gave to America, and to the whole world, a greater than a Logan or a Grant or a Douglas, a greater than a George Washington, the Father of his Country,—one whose name always comes to one's lips as the world's immortals are being enumerated,—Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

The world has produced many great men, great philosophers, great scholars, great poets, great warriors. Lincoln does not come in that category, because he resists classification and cataloguing.

The world has produced many great men. Now and

then, with extreme rarity, it produces something greater than a great man,—it produces a great nature. Abraham Lincoln was a great nature. He had the greatness of simple goodness, and the goodness of simple greatness. Illinois' greatest contribution to America and to the world was Abraham Lincoln. (Applause.)

And now we come to the year 1918. Our State, in Union with other States, is undergoing a great crisis and has entered into a great struggle. All those principles which we have been considering tonight are challenged. The principle of liberty, for which our forefathers fought, is being challenged. The principle of freedom, for which many of our forefathers died, is being imperiled, as a ruthless power deports civilian populations into slavery,—indicative of what might happen to us if it were to win this War.

Our ideals of humanity are being outraged as millions of innocent people, Armenians and others, have been butchered, murdered, slaughtered. Our ideals of gallantry and chivalry toward women, ideals which the pioneer population had back there in the days of the husking bee and the country dance, when domestic morality was of a high standard,—I say our ideals of gallantry and chivalry toward women are being outraged, as Belgium and French women are being ravished to death today. Our ideals of civilization, our ideals touching the exaltation of the individual conscience and its freedom from state stultification, our ideals of democracy and self-government for which Lincoln stood,—every one of them is challenged.

What is Illinois' answer to be to the high call of duty? How many soldiers will Illinois give to our Country? How many sailors and aviators and engineers? How many patriots in different fields of service? How many millions of dollars is Illinois going to give

for welfare work and for works of mercy? How many Liberty Bonds is Illinois going to take? How much moral bulk and spiritual energy and ability to suffer hardship is Illinois going to contribute to the morale of the men at the front, and to the morale of the men and women at home?

These questions cannot be answered now; but, if Illinois is true to her traditions, I doubt not that when the time comes to sum up the records, it will be found that Illinois now, as in the past, has done more than her share.

May I conclude by paying a personal tribute to a man who is still living? Heretofore we have been praising the dead. May I pay my tribute and yours to a man who stands at the center of things in this State,—a man who in 1918 is the successor of Shadrach Bond in 1818; my I pay my tribute and yours to the Governor of Illinois, who has honored us by his presence here tonight? (Applause.)

Ladies and gentlemen, when about a year ago, this country was making the great and solemn decision, and when there were representative men in high places who were speaking and acting somewhat uncertainly and not rising to the height of the loyal citizenship of Illinois; when there were men in exalted office who were not making their position quite clear at a time when every man ought to stand up and be counted; in days such as these through which we have been passing, when we cannot be half loyal and half disloyal, it has been the pride and joy of the loyal citizenship of Illinois to have at the center of affairs a man who has looked face forward, without keeping his ear to the ground, without thinking what it was going to cost in direction of true blue Americanism, undiluted patriotism, and a just victory. (Applause.)

Let us today register a new oath of allegiance. Let us march with the loyal Governor of this State, keeping step to but one tune. And let that tune be:—

"Then conquer we must, for our cause it is just,
And this be our motto, 'In God we will trust';
For the Star Spangled Banner forever shall wave,
O'er the land of the free and the home of the brave."

(Applause.)

THE CHAIRMAN: Ladies and gentlemen: We shall be very glad to see you all in the foyer, after the exercises. The Centennial Exhibition is there and is well worth seeing. The hour is not too late, perhaps, for you to see it tonight. It will remain there until Sunday night. The meeting is adjourned.

The Old Songs ***The Early Records***
The Old Flags ***The Early Families***

Led by the members of the Civic Music Association, speakers and auditors joined in singing patriotic airs at intervals in the program and Miss Mina Hager, *Soprano,* in costume of the period, sang ballads popular at the outbreak of the Civil War: *Rosalie the Prairie Flower, Hazel Dell, Just Before the Battle Mother, The Vacant Chair,* and others. A program of early dance music was given by members of Hand's Orchestra in the foyer.

The decorations of the stage and the boxes were the Historic Flags that have waved over Illinois: The Castles and Lions of Spain, the Lilies of France, The Crosses of Britain, The Stars and Stripes, The Battle Flags of Illinois and The Illinois Centennial Flag.

The Reception in the Foyer that closed the evening brought many pleasant reunions of old friends, and the strains of the old war time music seemed to link the present with the past as tidings were exchanged of one and another son serving his country as his father and grandfather had done before him.

Not without thy wondrous story
Can be writ the Nation's glory
Illinois.

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